

POEMS, RHYMES
AND SAYINGS.
BY T·B·EDGAR

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Poems, Rhymes, and Sayings

By

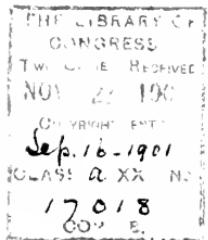
TIMOTHY BLOOMFIELD EDGAR



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BY T. B. EDGAR

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P R E F A C E

IN presenting this little volume to his friends and to the public, the author thinks it proper to make some explanation with regard to the circumstances which led to its production.

When about eighty years of age, I discovered my sight was failing. After having been treated by several different oculists with but little if any benefit, I concluded that probably I should ultimately lose my sight.

This led me to consider what I could do to relieve me in case this misfortune should occur. In revolving this matter over in my mind, I concluded that there might still be left for me mental or intellectual pleasure and enjoyment in reviewing what I had read and learned before I came to be deprived of my sight. With this in view I commenced reading and studying passages in the favorite poets and committing some of the more significant and best-known passages to memory. In this way I continued as long as my sight would

P R E F A C E

enable me to read, thus giving my mind pleasant subjects for contemplation.

When no longer able to read on account of the gradual failure of my sight, I commenced to compose pieces, mostly for my own amusement, on various subjects such as I thought and believe interest most thinking people.

In these rhymes and sayings I do not presume to state anything new or startling, but simply to remind the readers of subjects and circumstances which doubtless they have experienced from time to time in their own individual lives. In writing them I have endeavored to avoid any statements or sentiments which would be obnoxious to any sect or religious denomination.

My object has been rather to encourage ethics or morals and to cultivate kindly feelings and sentiments with each other.

How far I have succeeded in this readers will judge for themselves.

T. B. EDGAR.

ST. LOUIS, Mo.,
August, 1901.

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POEMS, RHYMES, AND SAYINGS

TO MY MOTHER

DEAR Mother, thou art gone
To thy Heavenly rest,
No longer here to mourn
But mansioned with the blest.

Yes, I remember well
While yet a little lad
The stories Mother'd tell
Which made us all so glad.

When I did older grow
She took me by the hand
And told me all she knew
About that better land.

Whene'er I went astray
And gave her mental pain,
Her kind and gentle ways
Soon brought me back again.

P O E M S , R H Y M E S , A N D S A Y I N G S

Often to me she said,
“ Hast thee been good to-day ?
Before thee goes to bed
Thou shouldst in Spirit pray.”

When trouble like a deluge rolled
Across her peaceful breast
She never would give up her hold
Of promised peaceful rest.

My Mother believed in the Christian Faith
That all things work together for good
To those who will His teachings take
For their daily Spiritual food.

This is the first day of the week.
“ And wilt thee with me go
To hear our Friends in meeting speak
Of things which they do know ?

“ They do not always preach
But often silent are ;
They think they cannot teach
Unless the Spirit’s there.”

Drab is the color
The Friends do most love ;
They do not care for other
Unless it be the dove’s.

T O M Y M O T H E R

A snow-white muslin cap
My Mother's head adorned,
With handkerchief to match
Across her breast was worn.

Gaudy colors she could not endure
But always chose the plain.
And if she could not these procure
She waits and tries again.

No rings or jewels did she wear
To make a vain display,
For all such things she did not care
And from them turned away.

No mourning emblems did she wear
For her departed friends,
But ever watchful for their care
Until their life did end.

Dear Mother, thou hast passed away
To thy eternal rest;
We a little longer stay
Till Heaven shall think it best.

A FAVORITE FAMILY

THERE is a family well known to me,—
They have four sons and daughters three.
These children are, if I am right,
Compared with others fairly bright.
If you wish to hear their names
I will endeavor to call the same.

Park is the oldest son.
He can tell you much of ships of war,
What in battle they have done
In their action near and far.
We believe he's rather bright ;
His Mother is sure in this we're right.
Be our opinions as they may,
He'll make his mark some future day.

The oldest daughter is Marianne,
And she's a lovely little miss,
She's always happy when her papa comes,
For then she's sure to get a kiss.

Edgar is the second son,
And all agree the gentle one.
A more docile lad it would be hard to find.
All his comrades say he's kind.

A FAVORITE FAMILY

William is the third son,
And they say the handsome one.
Now William cares but little for toys
But is always talking of soldier boys.
A more active boy you could not find,
But some do say he's hard to mind.

There is Clara in a glee,
She always likes some fun to see,
But does not think it much amiss
When Grandpa comes and steals a kiss.

Then comes Charlotte on a run
To meet her papa when he comes,
And is as happy as she can be
If she can get upon his knee.

The last to come is Baby Charlie,
And he is as sweet as he can be.
He is his Mother's pet, you see,
And when Grandpa comes says "Candee."

These children love the Sunday School,
For here they are taught the Golden Rule.
Some think this rule is hard to obey
But we believe it will always pay,
For kindness to another shown
Is always pleasing to every one.

P O E M S , R H Y M E S , A N D S A Y I N G S

Now, children, when you go to play
Always this Golden Rule obey,
And if you love your playmates dear
You will never cause them a tear.

When Grandpa no more does come
These children will wonder where he 's gone,
Then one who seems to know the best
Will tell them Grandpa has gone to rest.

WAITING FOR SPRING

OH, why dost thou delay so long,
Thou charming lovely Spring !
We long to hear the birds' sweet song
And see the flowers thou 'lt bring.

I hear the merry Bobby White.
He 's calling for his absent mate,
He 's weary of his lonely life
And ready for a change to make.

I oft do dream of early days
When woods and fields were my delight,
And in the shade of trees I lay
To watch the wild birds' flight.

When I was young, while yet a lad,
I learned to love the woods when green.
There I went when I was sad,
Where all things seemed to me serene.

I once was happy when a lad
When Nature's beauties were so gay,
No tyrant passion to make me sad,
No corroding cares to mar my play.

DAME NATURE

DAME Nature's quiet way,
Did me a lesson teach,
How to live throughout the day
A higher plane to reach.

Nature whispers in the leaves of trees
And in the fleecy clouds above,
And in the soft sweet evening breeze
That fans the flame of sacred love.

Nature's laws so perfect are
That we should them obey.
If we do them disregard,
The penalty we must pay.

TO FAIR IVA

FAIR Iva, what shall I say
Of thy approaching wedding day ?
I wish you all the happiness and joy
This world can give without alloy.

Of all the days that thou hast seen
This is the one of which thou wilt dream.
Come weal, come woe, or come what may,
Let love forever have its sway.

I 'm told thou art so beautiful and fair
That none of thy sex can with thee compare.
But this comes from a friend I know,
And I presume it is all just so.

Still, while this friend is a clever young man
He belongs to the Scottish clan
Whose numbers are known where 'er they be,
To pride themselves in their gallantry,

And do not think it much amiss
To tell a fib to obtain a kiss ;
But I will tell thee, if thou wilt listen,
They rarely, if ever, get the mitten.

“WAR”

“**T**O write the crimes that war doth bring
Would make an endless scroll,
Nor would the earth contain the thing
Tho’ stretched from pole to pole.”

Thus spoke a sage to a widow old
Who had reared an only son.
He had been drafted, she was told,
And now he must carry a gun.

Listening she heard the sound of a drum,
Then a loud rap at her door.
This she knew was a call for her son,
Who now could help her no more.

An officer entered with a stern command.
“Madam, I’ve come for that young
man.”

She said, “Would you take my son away
And leave me to beg from day to day?”

“That it is hard I very well know,
Still the orders I must obey,
And to the front I’m ordered to go,
And they will hear of no delay.

“W A R”

“ I have a wife and children dear
 But must the order obey,
And leave them all so friendless here,
 And go to war without delay.

“ Is there no way this war to shun?
 Tell me, wise Sage, if you can.
Must I always carry a gun
 Or else leave my Native land?

“ Welcome the day when I may go
 Where peace and quiet reign,
And leave this world of war and woe
 For a state that's free from pain.”

“

PASSION

PASSION'S crimes so numerous are,—

It never waits for prudent thought,
But rushes on to do or dare,
Right or wrong it matters not.

If trouble you would avoid

When you are in a rage,
Just think if you can afford
In such a fight to engage.

If we would our passions curb

We should take time to consider
Before we utter a word
That we may regret forever.

Friendships are often broken

By passion's cruel sway ;
For words we have spoken,
Which we ought not to say.

To habits we are slaves,

And are so unawares,
Then let us watch our ways
And avoid the snares.

THE WORLD

TELL me, wise man, if thou can,
When this mysterious world began;
And if it's true, as some do say,
That it will burn some future day?

The age of this mysterious world
We have not yet found out.
Six thousand years, we're told
By the "learned," is still in doubt.

Science and art have tried in vain
To fix a date and make it plain
When this world first began,
Or when and how it will end.

When this world shall finally end
Is not for us to know
The great Creator does not intend
On us this knowledge to bestow.

THE STRIKE

CAN you call a people free
When they cannot labor as they like,
Oft shot down as you may see,
Because they do not join the strike?

We are told that people are free
To join the party they like,
Why is it they have to flee
Or join the Union strike?

Where is our famous Washington
Who knew the people's rights,
When we have to suffer martyrdom
Unless we join the strike?

Do we live where justice reigns
Or in a land of equal rights,
When we're threatened to be slain
Unless we join the strike?

What about our Jefferson,
The idol of our rights?
Would he approve of mobbing you
Unless you joined the strike?

THE STRIKE

There comes the walking delegate,
The author of the strike;
Why do the people tolerate
The way he stirs up strife?

He claims to be the friend
Of the workingman,
But often he prevents
Their working when they can.

Then there comes the demagogue
Who cares not for our rights;
He stands and sees you mobbed
Unless you join the strike.

If the Union we must join
Or lose our legal rights,
Why not call on Uncle Sam
To set us all to rights?

What do you think of freedom,
When your son cannot learn a trade
Without the Union's permission
And the Agitator's aid?

Boys run idle in the streets
And vicious habits learn,
Because the agitator speaks,
And says, "You must take your turn."

P O E M S , R H Y M E S , A N D S A Y I N G S

Who are ready our taxes to pay ?
Not the ones who strike ;
Nor yet those who say,
“ You cannot labor when you like.”

They pay this walking delegate
For stirring up the strife ;
They say they dare not hesitate
For fear they ’d lose their life.

Who pays our policemen
Who laugh at the mobs,
And do not seem to care
How many people are robbed ?

He is not paid by the Union,
Nor by those who strike,
But he is paid by the true men
Who let men labor when they like.

American freedom consists of this :
A man can do and act as he likes,
So long as he does not interfere
With his fellows’ legal rights.

Who pays for our free institutions,
Parks, pleasure grounds, and walks ?
Is it not the citizen
Who law and order talks ?

T H E S T R I K E

If we our legal rights must lose
It better be by a foreign foe.
Law and order should be the rule
Of every true American soul.

Who supports our public schools ?
Is it he who causes strikes,
Or the ones who would prevent
A man from laboring when he likes ?

Twice forty years have come and gone
Since first I saw the light ;
In all these years I ne'er have found
A cause to join the strike.

THE HERO OF MANILA BAY

NOW, my friends, if you will hear,
A story I will tell to-day ;
It's of a valiant cavalier —
The hero of Manila Bay.

He is an Admiral of high renown,
And to the war with Spain did go.
There he sank their vessels down,
Until there was not one to show.

After this victory so complete,
Without the loss of a single man,
He, together with his fleet,
Sailed toward his native land.

On his arrival, you must know,
The people did their hats upthrow,
With joy and gladness carried away
To meet the hero of Manila Bay.

Money flowed in from every source
To make a grand display.
The people joined as in one voice,
And all honor to him pay.

T H E H E R O O F M A N I L A B A Y

The Admiral was approached
By those who shoved the quill :—
Would he run for President,
Should it be the people's will?

The Admiral replied with dignity,
“The Navy is my delight.
My duty is on a man-of-war,
For my country there to fight.”

The Admiral was called to Washington,
Headquarters of the Navy ;
There he met a fair one
Who is a charming lady.

Just what was done or said
We cannot *now* quite tell,
But we know it led
To the marriage bell.

The news went flying far and wide, —
“The Hero of Manila Bay
Has been captured by a lovely bride
From whom he could not run away.”

His friends, they did in council meet,
To see what they could do
For him who did the enemy beat,
And laid their fleet so low.

P O E M S , R H Y M E S , A N D S A Y I N G S

They bought a house and furnished it well
With everything so complete,
Presented it to the Admiral
For a home, through life to keep.

That beautiful home the people had given
To the Hero of Manila Bay,
He to his wife did make a present,
And thus conveyed it all away.

Those who were disposed
To look most favorably on it,
Said that they supposed
The wife had surely done it.

He was on the high tide of fame,
But this was before he wed.
When he did a wife obtain
The tide began to ebb.

The politicians were wide awake
To obtain an available man
For the tail of a kite to take
To help support the van.

The Admiral often said
No office would he take,
But after he had wed
He thought he had made a mistake.

T H E H E R O O F M A N I L A B A Y

That the Admiral was led astray
We will not here decide.
But where is the man that would say
“ Nay,”
To such a fair and lovely bride.

If this Hero has gone amiss
In anything he has done,
Let us all the fault dismiss
For the victories he has won.

THE OLD MAN'S LAMENT

WHEN I was young and in my prime
I could travel in any clime,
But now I'm old and feeble grown
And find it best to remain at home.

My eyes are dim, I scarce can see,
My hearing is not what it used to be.
My limbs they do at times complain
Of feebleness and aches and pain.

When I wish on the street to go,
How to escape danger I hardly know ;
And were it not for a friendly arm
I oft would meet with serious harm.

Oh, that I might be able to see
Some real happiness left for me.
The Reverend divine replied most kind,
" Thou still may have a tranquil mind.

" Without this you cannot enjoy
The blessings of life without alloy.
A contented mind will give us rest,
And thus secure our happiness."

THE OCEAN AT RYE BEACH

HERE the broad Atlantic Ocean
Breaks against a rocky shore,
Ebbs and flows with sad commotion,
As it did in days of yore.

Thousands of vessels, small and great,
Have on its billows sailed and steamed,
Have all gone down with their freight,
Never more to be seen.

A mighty warrior, it is said,
Tried in vain to stop thy flow.
He for centuries has been dead
And still the tides do come and go.

Nations may rise and nations fall,
Still the tides will ebb and flow,
Regardless of them one and all,
Or of conditions high or low.

Numberless thousands have found their graves
Under thy turbulent briny waves,
Where none could help or none could save
And all sank down beneath thy waves.

TO MISS C. B.

WHEN I was sojourning at Rye Beach
A pleasant couple I chanced to meet,
Mother dear and daughter fair
Were the charming, loving pair.

The kindness by the daughter shown
Was sure by mother to be returned ;
Their gentle manner and pleasant ways
Secured to them our warmest praise.

The daughter's devotion to mother dear
Was something beautiful to see ;
She could not rest till she did hear
That mother was happy as she could be.

RYE BEACH, N. H.

HOW charming it is to meet
Our pleasant friends at Rye Beach,
And then to see the people bathe
In old Ocean's briny wave.

The walks and drives are now the same
As they were when in our prime.
Then we strolled through Lover's Lane
When moon and stars did shine.

If for a drive you have a mind
When woods and fields are green,
By the roadside flowers you will find
And ferns which are seldom seen.

If for an excursion you 're inclined
Take in the Isles of Shoals,
There it is the thing to dine,
Then, on the rocks to stroll.

If the revolving light you 'd see
To White Island you must go.
The keeper there will be
This famous light to show.

P O E M S , R H Y M E S , A N D S A Y I N G S

First we went to the Ocean House,—
Job Jenness ran it in his prime,—
There we met Ralph Emerson,
And with him and Greeley dined.

Straw's Point, named for a man of State
Who was Governor at that time,
There they had the festive clam-bakes
And drank the Governor's wine.

Now we have the Farragut
With Philbrick at his head.
Thus you see we are in luck,
By fate and fortune led.

Near forty years have rolled around
Since first we saw this Beach.
In all these years, we ne'er have found
More pleasant friends to greet.

SCENES AT GLENS FALLS

WHILE sojourning at Glens Falls
A charming lady I chanced to meet,
Raking the leaves as they did fall
So noiselessly about her feet.

This lady had a lovely way
Of gathering flowers, from day to day,
Presenting them to friends so dear,
Which always brought them such good
cheer.

This charming lady has a sister fair
Whose pleasant manner and gentle air
Secure her welcome everywhere,
And she seemed without a care.

These lovely daughters have a father dear
Who is in his eighty-first year,
Who plays at golf with as good cheer
As many men of half his years.

Pleasant it was at the Rogers' home,
When lawns and trees were green,
There to meet those lovely ones
Who made it all serene.

THE NOONDAY CLUB

TO the Noonday Club I often go,
For there is the place to rest,
And see our friends, whom we know,
Are among the very best.

Threescore years have passed around
Since I first walked St. Louis' streets.
In all these years I ne'er have found
More genial friends to greet.

There you may see the merchant prince,
The magnates of the rail,
The bankers, too, are on the list,
The millers seldom fail.

If for a dinner you have a mind,
Go to the Noonday Club.
This is the place for you to dine,
If you'd have that which is good.

Should you require a tonic,
A card is at your hand.
You simply write upon it,
"I'll take the same old brand."

T H E N O O N D A Y C L U B

The manager is up to date,
The waiters are all the same.
You seldom will have long to wait,
And if you do, they will explain.

If you the latest news would see,
To the reading-room you go.
There, in profusion you will see
The kind you wish to know.

If billiards be your favorite game,
Ample provision for this is made.
Tables and balls for the same
Are the best that can be made.

Members here have equal rights,
Are bound alone by honor's band ;
Seldom it is that one gets tight,
And if he does, he cannot stand.

To enjoy the Club to its fullest extent
You should call on Treasurer Knight,
Pay up your dues in dollars and cents,
For this, you know, is right.

TO ETHEL

I KNOW a fair and pleasant miss
Who to a boarding-school would go.
She gave her friends a parting kiss
For, she said she loved them so.

Her friends on bidding her good-by
To calm their emotions they did try,
But could not control the falling tear
Because she was to them so dear.

Now she is gone and at her task,
Fully resolved to lead her class.
The two years will soon be past,
How happy to return at last.

Now thou art gone we'll think of thee,
While so long absent from thy home.
How sweet to greet thee it will be
On thy safe return to Home sweet Home.

THE GOLDEN RULE

TELL me, wise sage, if you can,
How I 'm to serve the Great I Am.
Shall I this one, or that, obey ?
They all do claim the righteous way.

The reverend sage took time to reply
As he said, " The subject 's grave,
But as thou dost on me rely,
I will tell thee a way to be saved.

" They do serve their Maker best
Who the Golden Rule obey ;
It is superior to all the rest,
For love doth have its sway.

" Could this lovely principle
Throughout the world prevail,
We would have the millennium,
For no one would assail.

" War and carnage then would cease,
No longer could it be.
Man with man would be at peace,
Heaven, on earth, we 'd see.

P O E M S , R H Y M E S , A N D S A Y I N G S

“ When love doth reign supreme,
 Peace and harmony there ’ll be.
Life’s duties then are all serene.
 A happy people then you ’ll see.

“ No more strife ’tween father and son,
 Nor daughter and mother dear.
All will strive to help each one
 On their happy, earthly career.

“ Prisoners no longer will be required,
 As crime will have come to an end.
Peace and harmony, so long desired,
 Will now over all extend.

“ No more strife ’tween capital and labor,
 All will on an equality stand.
Each will vie to assist his neighbor
 Should he need a helping hand.

“ No longer strife and corroding care
 Would distract the mind of man,
For all would with each other share,
 And thus comply with the wise command.

“ All trade and traffic would be conducted
 On principles of justice and right,
No games of chance would be suggested
 To deceive the unwary’s sight.

T H E G O L D E N R U L E

“ No longer the vessels of war
To menace national rights,
Or slay men by the score
While in their horrible fights.

“ Armies and navies will be no more
For the fighting and slaying of men,
The millions of treasure spent therefore
Will be used hereafter for benevolent end.

“ Kindness does produce its like,
In accord with laws divine,
When it is to others shown
Should be returned in kind.

“ That which you ’d have others do
Do you the same to them.
This to them will fully prove
That you are still their friend.”

TO FAIR ELIZABETH

HEREWITH you have the regrets of one
Whom you did chance to meet
While hunting for the robins' nests
Years ago at Old Rye Beach.

Now, fair Bessie, what shall I say,
On this thy eventful wedding day,
But to wish you all the happiness and joy
This life can give without alloy ?

TO COUSIN JANE

WHEN I was young and scarcely grown
I had a cousin fair:
I loved to see her when at home,
For I was happy there.

Youth and health we both enjoyed :
Our ages were about the same.
My happiness was unalloyed
When with fair cousin Jane.

Now I do thee seldom see,
For we live so far apart,
Yet I often think of thee
And wonder how thou art.

WEALTH

THE miser is to his money wed.
When he is forced with it to part,
It is true, as some have said,
That it almost breaks his heart.

The king upon the throne,
The beggar on the street ;
When death does claim its own
They on a level meet.

Great wealth cannot give
That serenity of mind
So essential to have
When in life's decline.

HOSPITAL DAY AT ST. LOUIS, MO.

NOW, my friends, if you will hear
That which we have to say,
It will give you all good cheer,
For it's of "Hospital Day."

In all the year this is the time
The ladies have their sway,
When they the men remind
That this is "Hospital Day."

At the Security Building
A company of fair braves
Captured all that entered
And made them abject slaves.

To obtain their freedom
A ransom must be paid.
Among so many millionaires
A handsome sum was raised.

The Noonday Club was there
And ready for the fray,
They invited the ladies to dine,
For it was "Hospital Day."

P O E M S , R H Y M E S , A N D S A Y I N G S

Now the flag of truce
Was unfurled to the wind,
Thus the clever ruse
Would be sure to win.

At the ladies' dinner
Those who were sad
Were the antiquated bachelors
Who failed to get a badge.

As the building I did enter
A charming lady did appear,
“How do you do, Mr. E.?
I am pleased to see you here.

“I am sure you know Mrs. C.,
The daughter of Mr. B.
You will pardon me,” she did say,
“For this is ‘Hospital Day?’”

Nothing could I say,
For it took my breath away,
Until I did remember
It was “Hospital Day.”

“Mr. E., you have no badge.
Now let me give you one.
Be sure to tell your wife
That I did pin it on.”

HOSPITAL DAY AT ST. LOUIS, MO.

Some did not understand
Why the badges had such a run,
Until they were informed
That the ladies put them on.

Now the hospitals have the money.
Let us bear in mind
The fair ladies have done it,
And in a way most kind.

TIGER-LILY

I WENT strolling on a summer's day
Over the land so rough and hilly.
What do you think I saw on the way?
It was a beautiful Tiger-Lily.

I summed up courage and asked it why
It did display it's beauty here,
When no one seemed to be passing by,
And all was a desert far and near.

The Lily replied at once and said,
"Nature has kindly planted me here,"
And, raising aloft her beautiful head,
"This is the place to me most dear."

CHRISTMAS CHIMES

WHEN I was young and in my prime
How pleasant to hear the Christmas
bells,

And listen to their musical chime,
And the story they ever tell.

Of all the days within the year,
Christmas is the one we love ;
It gives us all such good cheer,
And directs our thoughts above.

We're always glad when Christmas comes,
Our friends we then do greet,
And receive them in our cheerful home
Where we all so merrily meet.

Christmas comes but once a year,
And is always sure to come ;
Let us greet it with good cheer
In our happy homes so dear.

THE ENJOYMENT OF LIFE

I WILL tell thee what thee needs
If thou wouldest enjoy this life,
It is to practise all good deeds
And to shun all kinds of vice.

But how all this to do
When nature doth oppose
Is what I'd like to know,
As you may well suppose.

The sage replied in a pleasant mood,
“ If thou wouldest heavenward go
Thou canst not find a shorter road
Than the ‘Golden Rule’ doth show.

“ Some think this rule hard to obey,
But experience shows it will always pay,
For kindness to another shown
Is always pleasant to every one.”

Thou hast taught me many a thing
Of which I did not know,
And yet my mind doth others bring
Which doubtless thou canst show.

T H E E N J O Y M E N T O F L I F E

Why all this strife for wealth and fame
When this life seems so very short?
Can we look for any gain
From the future wave of Naught?

THE GRIM REAPER

THE wealthy banker a year ago
Was counting up his heaps of gold.
Now in his tomb he lies so cold,
Covered over with grime and mold.

A year ago a charming bride
Had been wed to one she loved.
Now they're sleeping side by side,
Beneath the turf above.

As life is so very short,
And uncertain is its time,
Why should we not be taught
From the Holy Book divine?

NATURE

WHEN nature robes herself in green,
How grateful to the eye;
And sweet to hear the wild birds sing,
Perched upon the trees so high.

The silver brook doth wind its way
Through flowery meads and fields so gay,
The speckled trout their pranks do play
In their element of sparkling spray.

How sweet to view the starry dome,
Where nature's beauties are so bright;
And to see the setting sun
When it displays its gorgeous light.

Nature's mysteries we cannot understand.
Why should we be so anxious to know?
Why not trust the omnipotent hand?
If not right, 't would not be so.

See nature in the briny ocean
As it breaks on the rocky shore,
Ebbs and flows with sad commotion,
As it will forever more.

POEMS, RHYMES, AND SAYINGS

Nature's orb doth rule the day.

Midst the starry dome of night

The silver moon rolls on its way

And adds its modest light.

THE VIOLET

OF all the flowers in the field
The Violet is the best.
The lovely fragrance it doth yield
Is sweeter than the rest.

Its plain and modest robes,
Its royal purple color,
It perfumes our abodes
With its delightful odor.

A SOLDIER'S LIFE

A CHILD was born into the light.
It was found to be a boy.

It really was a tiny sight,
But father's life and mother's joy.

By mother's care and father's aid
This boy did grow to man's estate.
"Then on the sea of life," he said,
"I will try a name to make."

The roads to fame so numerous were
He hardly knew which one to take,
But fife and drum did fill the air
And this at once did seal his fate.

The soldier's life was now his lot
And its laws he must obey ;
Right or wrong it matters not,
His fellow-man he's bound to slay.

Another period in time has passed,
And age begins to show ;
He must give up his gun at last,
As he and all must know.

A S O L D I E R ' S L I F E

Old age comes on apace,
With all its aches and pains ;
He 's run the soldier 's race,
But where are all his gains ?

OUR DOMESTICS

I WILL tell you, if you desire,
How many servants we require.
For household work we now have four,
And do not wish for any more.

Bridget cooks the food we eat.
She always wants the best of meat,
But when she does her temper show
The girls in the kitchen had better go.

Jennie attends to the dining-room
But does at times take up the broom,
And when the fire in the furnace is low
Jennie's the girl to make it go.

Molly knows how to make a bed
And generally has a level head,
For when the girls want money to spend
Molly always has a little to lend.

The laundress' name I do not know.
She always wants the sun to shine,
For then she is able to dry her clothes
In the yard upon the line.

TO A FRIEND

COULD I but know what a friend would
wish
Me to give for a Christmas gift,
When it would a pleasure be
To meet his views, as you may see,—
But in his mind I cannot look,
So he will please accept this book.

RETROSPECTIVE VIEW

WHILE listening to old ocean's wave
 Breaking against the sandy shore,
Reminding me of former days
 When it was pleasant to hear it roar.

When I was younger and in my best
 I loved to sport in the briny surf,
With friends who are now at rest,
 Sleeping beneath the grassy turf.

My sight is dim, I scarce can see,
 But memory is still upon the throne ;
This gives a joy and peace serene
 To me before which was unknown.

How lovely to think of former hours
 When days and nights so pleasant seem,
For youth and health then were ours,
 No lowering clouds to mar the scene.

How sweet to think of friends so dear,
 With eyes so bright and hearts so warm,
In former years when we met here.
 Alas ! to think that they are gone !

THE STRANGER'S LIFE

WHEN I was walking out,
A stranger I chanced to meet;
He seemed to be looking about
For some kind friend to greet.

As I approached I said,
“ My friend, what can I do for you ?
Has some one you misled,
And you know not where to go.”

“ Thanks ! you are very kind,
I think I 've lost my way ;
You see, I 'm almost blind,
And hence, I 've gone astray.

“ If you will kindly lead me home
I will thank you very much.
It is hardly safe to go alone
In the streets,— there 's such a rush.”

On our arrival at his home
His wife to him did say,—
“ How glad I am that you have come,
For long you 've stayed away.”

P O E M S , R H Y M E S , A N D S A Y I N G S

“ Friend, since you have kindly seen me home
 Come in and take a rest.

We are here all alone,
 And there’s nothing to molest.

“ And if you care to hear,
 A story I’ll relate ;
It’s about my own career
 From infancy to date.”

The stranger seemed at ease,
 And told about his life,
When he, like others, could see,
 And how he lost his sight.

“ It was on a winter’s night
 About fourscore years ago
When I first saw the light,
 If you would care to know.

“ By fortune’s smile and parents’ care
 I grew into my teens,
And escaped the wily snares
 That oft beguile by evil means.

“ At first my lot was on a farm,
 Where a goodly living I earned,
And many lessons there I learned
 Which in after years did me a turn.

T H E S T R A N G E R ' S L I F E

“ I bound myself to learn a trade
That would afford me sure support,
Thus with my fortune partly made
I soon could make a good report.

“ Having arrived at man's estate,
Fully equipped with health and trade,
On Dame Fortune did I wait
With hope and expectation stayed.

“ Resolved to leave my native place
And many friends so near,
I travelled to a distant state
To try my fortune there.

“ Dame Fortune was my friend
And I did wait upon her.
It is true she does defend
Those who do her honor.

“ Now fairly entered into business life
I began to look around
To see if I could obtain a wife
As good as could be found.

“ In this way I chanced to meet
One more lovely than the rest.
Then her company I did seek,
And found that she was best.

P O E M S , R H Y M E S , A N D S A Y I N G S

“ Much more I might tell
Of what was done and said,
But as you know so well
I ’ll only say we wed.

“ Threescore years have rolled around
Since I was led to choose my wife ;
In all these years we ne’er have found
A cause for serious strife.

“ Where love doth rule supreme,
Peace and harmony will be there ;
Life’s duties then are all serene
And free from all corroding care.

“ Trials we ’ve had of various kinds
With stormy and pleasant days,
Yet fortune has upon us smiled
In many kind and pleasant ways.

“ In early life I called to mind
How Dame Fortune by her gentle knock
Informed me if I ’d be kind
She ’d help me in my lot.

“ We have sons and daughters bright,
Gentle and comely too ;
They give us that delight
That nothing else can do.

T H E S T R A N G E R ' S L I F E

“Fourscore years have long since passed,
 Yet life is worth the living.
If there's a thing which I do ask,
 It is the way which leads to heaven.

“ If the business you would know,
 In which I have taken a hand,
It would be difficult to show,
 And for you to understand.”

As I arose to depart,
 He remarked to me,
“ It is well to have a talk,
 All so pleasant and so free.”

As I left his pleasant home
 He called to me and said,
“ I am glad that you did come
 And see me homeward led.”

When I returned to my cares,
 It was helpful all the day
To think that I had unawares
 Helped a brother on his way.

In life, we often find
 That kindness to others shown,
Will be returned to us in kind,
 And thus contribute to our own.

P O E M S, R H Y M E S, A N D S A Y I N G S

From the stranger's successful career
A lesson we should learn thereby, —
To always persevere
And on ourselves rely.

Why not then go about it,
Never waiting for other's aid ?
Let them see we do without it ;
In this way our fortune is made.

SNOW

OF all the weather that we see,
There's nothing like the snow,
It gives the young folks so much glee
When in their sleighs they go.

What they do most dread
Are the boys who throw the balls.
Each is fearful for his head
When the snow begins to fall.

When the snow begins to fall,
It gives the boys great glee ;
For then they throw a ball
At every sleigh they see.

When a sleigh doth appear,
The driver seems to dread ;
For a snowball he doth fear
May be thrown at his head.

Now a ball comes very near ;
The driver looks around ;
Not a boy does there appear,
Nor is one to be found.

P O E M S , R H Y M E S , A N D S A Y I N G S

The driver here would show
His sleigh and bells so fine,
And the horses seem to know
There's something on behind.

The driver turned his head
To see if this was so.
Then a boy, it was said,
Another ball did throw.

The driver became excited
And lost his presence of mind.
From his sleigh he alighted
And ran, the boys to find.

The horses were feeling fine
And started on a run,—
Left John far behind,
And the boys had had their fun.

And many people said
Of this ride in the sleigh,
Had the driver not lost his head
The horses would n't have run away.

Now, boys, you should know
This thing you 've done is bad.
You should never at the driver throw,
When his hands are tied.

S N O W

If snowball you would play
Choose your partners for each side,
Then at each other pelt away
Until you are satisfied.

Boys should be early trained
To respect the rights of others ;
Then they would not be blamed
For throwing at each other.

STAR LIFE

OH that I might upward soar
To some celestial star above,
And there abide forever more,
In the realms of perfect love.

And leave this world of anxious care
For a state of heavenly rest ;
And to dwell forever there,
In the mansions of the blest.

Where love and harmony shall be our guide,
To direct us on our way,
And in all things to decide
How we shall live from day to day.

Where truth and justice will preside,
And all on an equality stand,
No selfishness there will abide,
For all will join hand in hand.

No perplexity or sordid care
Would ever reach this happy home ;
There all would with each other share
Whatever good would come to one.

S T A R L I F E

No rich or poor would there be seen,
All would have their wants supplied ;
Life there would be all secure,
Love and peace will there abide.

Tyrant passions will no more
Disturb their peaceful minds,
For all their thoughts will upward soar,
To think of Nature's grand designs.

No sickness there would come ;
All will be in perfect health.
In this happy, celestial home,
Which does constitute their wealth.

No gold or silver there ;
For it would have no use.
The only thing for which they care
Would be for love and truth.

No ferocious beasts will there be known,
The gambols of the lambs to mar.
All will be happy in their homes,
In this bright and brilliant star.

The songs of birds there will be
In praise of Nature's wise design,
Perpetual flowers there we 'll see,
By order of the Divine.

P O E M S , R H Y M E S , A N D S A Y I N G S

Charming music will there be heard,

 All will in concert sing.

No discord there will disturb

 The sweet pleasure it will bring.

No chilling frosts or scorching rays

 Will ever enter this starry home,

But gentle zephyrs will ever play

 Everywhere in the starry dome.

No sorrowing hearts will there be,

 For their own or others' crimes,

For all will so plainly see,

 That they are governed by the Divine.

No aching limbs or feverish brain

 Can ever enter this lovely home.

Where love and truth forever reign,

 Sickness and pain can never come.

If further knowledge you would see,

 How this celestial star may come,

Love, truth, and charity

 Will bring it to your home.

How this celestial star above

 May bring happiness all around,

Send peace, charity, and love,

 And they will bring it down.

TO A LADY FRIEND

WE were pleased to think of thee
When thou so far didst roam.
Now we 're glad thy face to see,
And give thee welcome home.

Thy pleasant letters while abroad
Came safely to our hands,
And now our thanks we here record,
For thy thoughts in foreign lands.

TO A FRIENDLY NEIGHBOR

I KNOW a lady fair to see.
She is our next door neighbor.
She 's as lovely as she can be,
And withal so very clever.

She gave us a delightful treat,
Fruits and flowers of many kinds,
These, with dainties very sweet,
Were flavored with choice wines.

Now we thank you,
Thank you very much.
With one so good and true
We love to be in touch.

CUPID'S METHOD

“ *H*OW shall I woo thee, matchless Fair ?
Thy heavenly smile how win ?
Thy smile that smooths the brow of Care,
And stills the storms within ? ”

There was a maiden fair,
Who heard her lover say,
“ Oh, come with me and share
My fortune, dear, I pray.”

“ Now this I cannot do,
I 'm happy at my home.
If I should go with you
I may be left alone.”

“ Oh, do not say so ;
My heart it will break.
I do love you so,
I 'll never you forsake.”

“ I have a mother dear ;
A father, too, so kind.
How can I go with you
And leave them both behind ? ”

P O E M S , R H Y M E S , A N D S A Y I N G S

“ May I hope thy love to gain,
And be relieved from this pain.

Oh, how sweet it is to love,
But sweeter, to be loved again !”

“ My friends do say to me,
Beware of any stranger :
He may prove false to thee,
And so, thy peace endanger.”

“ Oh, tell me, love, the way
To convince that I am true ;
In that which I do say
And all things that I do.”

“ More of thy history I would know
And the life thou hast led,
Before on thee myself bestow
And with thee do wed.”

“ More of my history thou shalt know ;
Born and reared of parents dear,
When to manhood I did grow
I still remained with them to cheer

“ My time I passed in such scenes
Where nature does its charms display,
Where I have a mind serene,
And hope thy love to win some day.

C U P I D ' S M E T H O D

“ If thou wilt bear with me
One thing more I 'll ask,
We 'll wait a year and see
What then will come to pass.”

By some it is said
Men do change their mind,
And after they have wed
They 're apt to be unkind.

Of all the days I have lived
This is the happiest of my life ;
Now I feel that she 'll forgive,
And, I hope, become my wife.

No longer did she fear,
But told her love with modest pride ;
So I won my dear,
Fair and lovely bride.

SONG OF THE MONTHS

THIS is the first month of the year,
And of the century too:
Let us hail it with a cheer,
As we enter the new.

The second month of the year,
With its rain, frost, and sleet,
Will cause the poor many a tear,
Their various wants to meet.

The third month of the year,
With its storms and changing skies,
Calls to mind that spring is near,
And on this our hope relies.

This is the fourth month of the year,
With changing clouds and gentle showers:
The fragrant buds do now appear,
And soon we 'll see the flowers.

This is the fifth month of the year
And the time when woods are green:
And now the jasmine doth appear,
And with other flowers may be seen.

S O N G O F T H E M O N T H S

This is the sixth month of the year.

Dame Nature robes herself in green :
The wild flowers now are here,
And in the country may be seen.

This is the seventh month of the year,

The month of greatest heat :
Now the cuckoo you may hear,
In its solitary retreat.

This is the eighth month of the year,

The ground is parched and dry.
The farmer he doth fear
His crops may linger and die.

Of all the months it is September

Nature yields her richest gifts,
In fruits and cereals without number,
To the poor as well as rich.

The tenth month now is seen,

When nature gives us something new ;
It doffs its coat of green
And puts on a golden hue.

Now as November does approach

With its dark and dreary weather,
Let us try to live in touch
With the good and the clever.

P O E M S , R H Y M E S , A N D S A Y I N G S

December is the last month of the year,
And the time for Christmas greeting,
Santa Claus will be here
Ready for the children's meeting.

THE NEW CENTURY AND YEAR

THIS is another New Year's day :

Let us hail it with delight.

Though many friends have passed away,
Others remain whom we do like.

A year ago how many hearts

With filial love did beat :

Have since been pierced with fatal darts,
And are now in dreamless sleep.

Of all the year, 'tis New Year's day

That we do promise to reform,

And if we do that which we say,

Then our vows we 'll perform.

Time cuts down both small and great,

Without regard to wealth or fame :

Rich and poor must meet their fate,

Young and old the same.

If in the past Dame Fortune frowned,

And failed to do as you did wish,

Then try again. She may come 'round :

If she does, you 'll strike it rich.

P O E M S , R H Y M E S , A N D S A Y I N G S

If a fortune we would win
This is the way we should begin :
Save up your pennies from day to day,
Then the dollars will come your way.

If you would Dame Fortune win,
You must patiently wait upon her.
Gather gold where 'er you can,
That is justified by honor.

As the old year passes away,
A new one then has come.
Now let us celebrate the day
By greeting friends at home.

WAITING FOR THE TROLLEY

WHEN I was waiting for the trolley
A charming lady I chanced to meet.
She always is so very jolly
When her friends she does greet.

The flowers came to us all right,
They were as lovely as they can be.
They gave us all so much delight
For which we now do thank thee.

HOW TO SAVE A LITTLE MONEY

THERE is a nice young man,
He lives in Walnut Hill ;
He does the best he can
For his purse to fill.

But the money it does go
For one thing and another,
Until his purse gets low,
And he seldom has a dollar.

Now he's found a way
Which will not give him sorrow ;
It is not to smoke to-day,
But wait until to-morrow.

As to-morrow never comes,
Some money he has gained ;
Quite a little sum,
Which he now retains.

Now he has some money
To buy what he does like ;
But will never spend a penny
For a cigar to light.

HOW TO SAVE A LITTLE MONEY

If Dame Fortune he would win,
This is the way he should begin.
Save up his pennies from day to day ;
The dollars will surely come his way.

TOBACCO

TOBACCO is a noxious weed,
And does pollute the air.
To filthy habits it does lead,
And drains our pockets bare.

This useless habit to many so dear
We seldom consider its cost ;
For the time of just one year
Fifty dollars and over is lost.

INTEMPERANCE

BEWARE of drink that steals the brain ;
Many have been ruined thereby.
Thousands have by it been slain,
Numberless more are cause to sigh.

Of all the evils of our race
Intemperance is the greatest curse.
When once the habit we embrace
We are numbered with the worst.

A JOURNEY IN EARLY DAYS

WHEN I was young, yet in my teens,
More of the West I'd know;
From New York to New Orleans
I set out to go.

A railroad was then a thing unknown;
Staging was our only way.
Thus we started and travelled on
All the night and through the day.

A jolly company of nine we were,
Each one armed to the teeth,
Ready for to do and dare
Should an enemy be in reach.

Four prancing steeds drew us along
For twelve miles at a time,
When we exchanged for others strong
That pulled so hard upon the line.

Thus we went o'er hill and dale,
Towards the setting sun.
When wild beasts crossed our winding trail
Our steeds would start to run.

A JOURNEY IN EARLY DAYS

At times we met an Indian wild
Emerging from the wood ;
Not far behind a squaw and child
Were following as best they could.

The Indian, when he us did spy,
Quickly raised his tomahawk,
But when he saw our gun so nigh,
He was ready for a talk.

Now we 're on the national highway,
The first the nation ever made ;
It was projected by Henry Clay,
Whom, some say, was never paid.

At last we reached the Ohio,
Where we took a boat ;
But the river was so low
Our craft could hardly float.

Dame Fortune did upon us smile,
As there came a heavy rain.
This sent us down many a mile,
And therefore our object gained.

Great droves of buffalo came
To the river to quench their thirst ;
Our guns we raised with steady aim
To see who 'd kill the first.

P O E M S , R H Y M E S , A N D S A Y I N G S

We then our boat would land,
Take on of meat a fresh supply ;
Enough to sustain our band
Until other game we'd spy.

After working night and day,
Having many lucky escapes,
We at the town of Cairo lay
To repair our numerous breaks.

Here the waters of the Ohio
Mingle with the Mississippi ;
Then southward they do flow
To the gulf of Mexico.

Our comrades now are in a glee
So swiftly are we passing down ;
The Crescent City soon we'll see, —
When there, we'll look around.

Our rejoicing soon turned to grief
As our boat struck a snag,
And there seemed no relief
When our barge began to drag.

Dame Fortune was again our friend,
As we soon did mend the break.
She always will her aid extend
If we a hand will take.

A J O U R N E Y I N E A R L Y D A Y S

This city some do not like,
For the people are of varied color ;
Some are black, others white,
Some neither one nor the other.

The people were very kind
And seemed to take delight
In asking us out to dine
And showing us all the sights.

Now I resolved to try
To return by the ocean-route ;
So I bade my friends “good-bye”
And for a vessel looked about.

Ocean steamers were then unknown,
So I took a merchant-ship,
And I found myself alone
On my homeward trip.

Now, when we started out
With a gentle southern breeze
For three days, or about
We were all well pleased.

Thus we sailed along
For several hours or more.
The wind became so strong
Our sails we had to lower.

P O E M S , R H Y M E S , A N D S A Y I N G S

Now the storm is raging,
The sea runs mountains high ;
Our ship is badly leaking,
And destruction seems so nigh.

But Dame Fortune once more
Comes to our relief,
Though we hear the breakers roar
As we pass the dangerous reef.

The grandeur of the sight
While the elements were at war
Disarmed us of all fright
Though the danger clouds we saw.

When the day began to close
The wind had ceased to blow,
And the much needed repose
We sought in the cabin below.

The morning dawned clear and bright
After storming all the night,—
New York city now in sight
And we 're home again all right.

OPTIMISTIC VIEW OF LIFE

THE news went flying on the wire,
A baby boy was born, to-night.
As he did grow, his friends admire,
For they said he was so bright.

This boy did grow to be a lad
And to the school he's on his way,
But often is so very sad
As he would prefer to play.

Now he's just out of his teens,
And for his books no more does care ;
He's looking for more lovely scenes
In the company of the "fair."

He now has grown to manhood's prime
And is ambitious to carve his name
Far above where others climb,
In a niche to secure his fame.

By close attention day and night
He his object has obtained,
And carved his name at such a height
That he makes sure his fame.

P O E M S , R H Y M E S , A N D S A Y I N G S

The love of life now runs high.

His happiness would seem complete ;
Yet he does in secret sigh
For higher honors to compete.

He is now in life's decline.

Ambitious paths he no more does tread ;
But cultivates the word divine
And attributes of love instead.

*“ Oh, sweet retirement, friend of my declining
years,
In youth I saw thy pleasant shade ;
In manhood still thy charms displayed
And now I look to thee for aid.”*

PESSIMISTIC VIEW OF LIFE

MAN is ushered into life
In a world of toil and strife ;
After a time he's called to go,
When and where there's none may know.

Life is a contest between right and wrong,
That which we should and should not do.
The weak is subject to the strong,
Hence the course we do pursue.

Our judgment leads us to the right ;
Our inclination to the left would go ;
Through life we're in a constant fight
Between what we should and should not do.

Threescore years and ten we say
Is the time we have to live ;
Should we here much longer stay
Life has no joys for us to give.

With hope and expectation strong
We still do cling to life,
Notwithstanding all the wrong,
And the constant toil and strife.

A PHILANTHROPIST

TO all who would wish to see
About this story they do tell,
It is of the famous Carnegie
Who spends his millions all so well.

By his heroic muscle and brain,
And Dame Fortune's timely aid,
He a colossal fortune gained
By the steel and iron trade.

When this fortune was obtained
And in his mind well understood,
Then he said, "I'll invest the same
Where it will do the greatest good."

He did not wish to leave,
When he was called to rest,
This vast estate which he achieved,
For other people to invest.

This famous philanthropist was heard to say,
"I have millions in my store,
Which I propose to give away
To worthy objects needing it more."

A PHILANTHROPIST

Of all the wealthy in the land
There's none, that we can see,
Who gives with such a liberal hand
As does our famous Carnegie.

THE WEATHER

DID you ever consider
How much we talk of the weather ?
It matters not when or where,
The subject is sure to be there.

The first one we meet in the morning
When we open our door,
He will tell you the state of the weather
Although you knew it before.

When on the street you go
And happen to meet a friend you know,
The first word he will say
Is to tell of the weather to-day.

If I must tell you what I have heard
Of this thing so absurd,
It is when they tell you it's a pleasant day
It's because they have nothing better to
say.

I know a man whom I will not name,
He'll pretend to tell you when it will rain ;
When the day he sets arrives
You rarely see more clear the skies.

T H E W E A T H E R

The same will tell the mariner when it will
blow,

But this will prove he does not know,
For when he 's looking for a place to land
You 're surprised to see the weather so calm.

The wiseacre will tell you when it will snow,
But this will prove he does not know,
For when you have got ready your sleigh
You 're astonished to find it a warm day.

Now the Bible on this subject is plain
And tells you when the wind doth blow ;
“Thou canst not tell from whence it came
Or whither it doth go.”

SAINT ANDREW'S BY THE SEA

WHILE sojourning at Rye Beach,
Where walks and drives are fine,
A charming lady I chanced to meet
Who is so gentle and so kind.

This lady is so fair to see ;
To church she invited me to go, —
At Saint Andrew's by the Sea
Where flowers and ferns do grow.

Saint Andrew's by the Sea
Where people are wont to go ;
There on the bended knee
To their Creator bow.

Saint Andrew's by the Sea,
Where Nature's beauties are displayed ;
With ferns, flowers and trees,
By which it is arrayed.

Saint Andrew's by the Sea,
On New Hampshire's rocky shore ;
It is as rural as it can be,
Where you hear the ocean roar.

TO IRENE

YOU will please receive, my fair Irene,
The regrets of one you ne'er have seen.
But we hold in sweet remembrance here
Those mutual friends who are so dear.

MISCELLANEOUS

WHY did the great Creator,
With all his infinite skill,
So constitute our Nature
That we each other kill ?

The reason why we may not know,
But let us judge it best,
Otherwise it would not be so,
So here we may let it rest.

THREE is a happy family,
Their name I need not tell.
They live in pleasant harmony,
And near the city dwell.

But let me tell you what I 've heard,
And when the thing they say occurred.
Last Thursday night there came to town
A very funny little miss
Without a stitch of clothing on,
And they call her name Eunice.

IF Dame Fortune you would win,
I will tell you how to begin;
Save your pennies from day to day
And the dollars will come your way.

IF thou wouldst thy health preserve
Which renders life the worth of living,
Then thou must its laws observe
And never from these laws be driven.

THE flowing bowl the Youth doth charm,
But Prudence sounds the alarm.
And if thou dost its voice obey,
Thou wilt rarely go astray.

IF thou wouldst have a tranquil mind
To the poor thou shouldst be kind,
Relieve their wants as they may need,
And prove thyself a friend indeed.

P O E M S , R H Y M E S , A N D S A Y I N G S

WHEN kindness is shown to you,
Be sure to return as much.
With the good and true
We love to be in touch.

TO custom we must conform ;
Of this there is no doubt.
If we try it to reform
We'll surely be left out.

MEMORY goes back to early scenes
When all things seemed so bright,
Strolling to the woods when green
Which gave me pure delight.

Trees, shrubs, and fragrant flowers
Adorned the landscape view,
All refreshed by gentle showers
And by the falling dew.

Thus Nature's beauties were displayed
By all that's pleasant to the sight,
With hanging clouds throughout the day
And shining stars by night.

I KNOW a lady fair to see,
And in all things so discreet.
She's as lovely as she can be,
Her dress is always plain and neat.

She gave us all a pleasant surprise,
As we were enjoying the evening air.
She called to bid us all good-bye,
Before she sailed for the Paris Fair.

Now thou art gone, we'll think of thee,
Whilst absent from thy home.
How charming, lovely it will be,
To meet thee on thy safe return.

OH, would that I could as others see,
For then I would not embarrass'd be.
But now I oft my friends surprise
Because I cannot them recognize !

KINDNESS to another shown
Is always pleasing to every one ;
Then let us to them gently speak,
That their friendship we may keep.

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